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BABY LAND

:D. LOTHROP & CO: BOSTON:





AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

BABYLAND

EDITED BY
THE EDITORS OF WIDE AWAKE



BOSTON
D. LOTHROP & COMPANY
FRANKLIN STREET

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Theodore Jewett Eastman

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BABYLAND

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THAT JOLLY KIT MADE CHRIST-MAS E-NOUGH FOR TWO HOUSES.

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THE CHRIST-MAS KIT-TY.

One time Fan and Fay al-most did-n't have a-ny Christ-mas. They did be-fore night, though ; but they would-n't if it had-n't been for a lit-tle stray kit-ty. You see San-ta Claus was to send pres-ents by pa-pa, and pa-pa's train was snowed in, and there would-n't have been any-thing



TIP-O-VER-THINGS PLAY.

but just rai-sins if it had-n't been for that kit-ty-cat. It was a-bout noon, and they were look-ing out at the storm, big, cold tears run-ning down their nos-es, when they heard a scratch on the door,

a-bout as loud as a pin. They harked a min-ute.



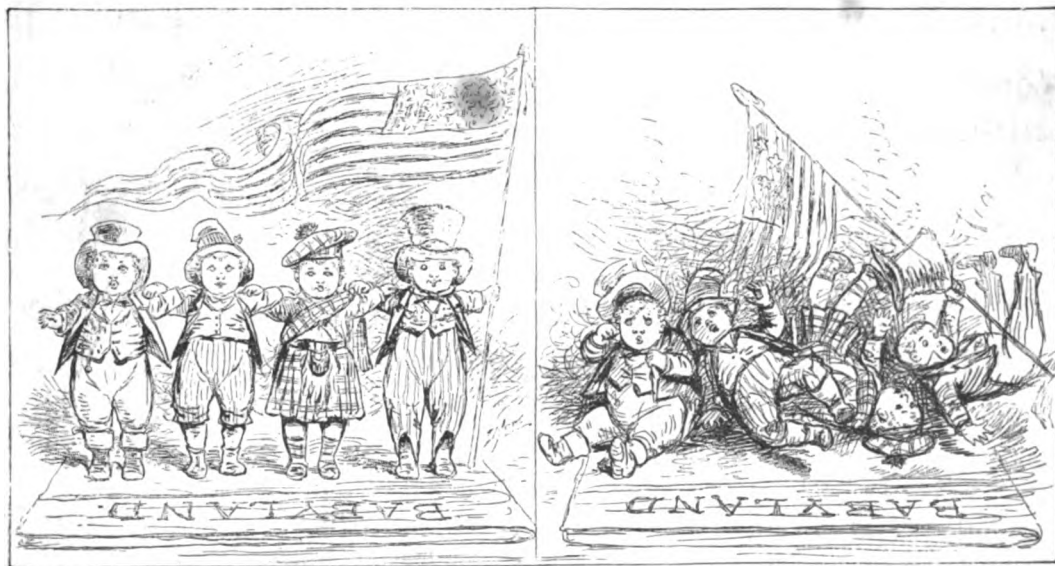
WORK-BASK-ET PLAY.

Then they heard it a-gain, as wee and fine as if a fair-y were there. They looked at each oth-er — there was some-thing so *live* in the sound they did-n't dare go to the door. "Mew!" said a small voice ; and this time there was a great deal of scratch-ing, at least two lit-tle feet. They ran to the door, and in pranced a jet-black kit-ten. She shook the snow off with a jerk, sneezed, looked all a-round with two great, bright,

gold-green eyes for a saucer of milk, purred, and then rubbed her head against Fay.

No more big, cold tears! that jolly kit made Christmas enough for two houses. She knew all about work-basket play, and spool-of-thread play, and tip-o-ver-things play, and chase-her-tail play, and roll-a-ball play — there could be no doubt that

she was no common kit, but a true Christ-mas-present-cat, left there a-purpose when Santa Claus drove by with the rein-deer sleigh; but, O, she was too sweet to describe at all when by-and-by in the soft, snowy, fire-lit twilight she crept up into their laps, and purred and went to sleep, while Fan and Fay sang low kit-ty-bye-lows.



U-NIT-ED, WE STAND; DI-VID-ED, WE FALL.

A PUZ-ZLED BOY.



I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

I'd just like to know whose boy I am. Every morning when the postman comes, he says, "Hal-lo! whose little boy are you?"

Then I have to say: "Pa-pa's, an' mam-ma's, an' grand-pa's, an' grand-ma's, an' great-grand-ma's, an' un-cle Char-lie's, an' aunt-y Lou's, an' aunt-y May's, an'—"

But when I ain't through, he's gone, an' he al-ways

laughs when he is go-ing. I like to be some folks' boys, but not ev-er-y-bod-y's. When I do things pa-pa likes, such as pick up chips, an' don't cry when I'm hurt, then I'm pa-pa's boy. An' when I'm hurt, an' do cry, then I'm mam-ma's boy. An' when a-ny of my gran'-ma's come, they say, when I'm right there be-fore 'em, "An' where's gram-ma's boy to-day?" An' cook says, "Be my good lit-tle boy," an' las' night a man came on our steps an' he said, "My son, is this Mr. Nel-son's house?" an' when I said no, he said, "Thank you, my boy;" an' a p'lice-man said jus' now, "Run in, my boy, or you'll freeze." I don't like to be a man's boy that I nev-er hav-n't seen a-ny be-fore at all, I don't.



Have to have my supper.
 In the afternoon.
 Going to have a birthday though.
 Pretty soon.

Shall not eat my dinner.
 Any more alone.
 Are your blue bowls prettier.
 Than my own?

Have they
 little rose-buds.
 All around
 the rim?
 Are they
 full of
 something nice.
 To the brim?



Dolly's getting hungry.
 Dear me.
 Can't wait so am I.
 any longer.
 So good-by! now.



SUE AND BA-BY JOE.

WHAT PA-PA AND MAM-MA SAW.

One time when pa-pa and mam-ma were gone, Ann staid out at the gate and talked with oth-er cooks, and left Ba-by Joe and Sue, and Flake and Fleece all a-lone, and Ba-by Joe want-ed to “go bed.” So, like a lit-tle wom-an, Sue took off her own lit-tle clothes and un-dressed

Ba-by Broth-er, and then Ba-by Broth-er would-n't have on his night-gown and cried, and Ann did-n't come in to help, though Fleece and Flake barked to her loud, very loud.

What did pa-pa and mam-ma see when they came? Four lit-tle white crea-tures, nest-ed in two big chairs; Ba-by Joe and Sue a-sleep in one, Flake and Fleece in an-oth-er.



FLAKE AND FLEECE.



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN JAP-AN.

They saw how a Jap-an-ese wom-an takes a walk. She goes out with-out a hat. She takes a red and blue par-a-sol. She car-ries her ba-by pick-a-back. She wears wood-en shoes.

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SHE RODE HOME ON THE MUFF.

THE WHITE KIT-TEN.

Jan-et was go-ing home from grand-pa's. It was cold, and she went with a hop-skip and a trip. It was just a mile from the red house on grand-pa's hill to the white house on pa-pa's hill, and half-way there was a piece of woods, where Jan-et knew ev-er-y leaf-y hol-low, and where there were al-ways man-y squir-rels. It was grow-ing dark fast, but she stopped and called: "Gone to bed in there, squir-ries?"

No squir-rel called back. In-stead, some-bod-y or some-thing an-swer-ed:

"*Mew! mew-mew!*"

"Why!" said Jan-et, "that's a kit-ty!"

So it was; a soft, white lit-tle crea-ture came press-ing through the fence and out to the road. "Why, you lit-tle

dar-ling," said Jan-et, stoop-ing and put-ting out her hand.

Two soft, pink eyes looked up, a lit-tle white back arched to meet her hand, and then, what do you think? Why, that kit-ty jumped right up-on Jan-et's muff and stood there; and when Jan-et rose up to go on she stayed right on the muff.

"Oh, you dear lit-tle one," said Jan-et to her; "some boy has brought you here and thrown you a-way! But you shall go home with me."

Kit-ty seemed to know. She sat down on the muff and rode a-long, pur-ring sweet thanks. "And yes," purred she, "it was a boy! No girl ev-er car-ried a kit-ty off and threw her away—now, did she?"

"No," said Jan-et, "nev-er!"



THE HAPPY NINE.

SEE-SAW.

| | |
|---|---|
| <p>See-saw, see-saw, ah, how fine! Nine boys and girls in line. Fast and high the end ones go, Those in the mid-dle ride low and slow; One a-lights with a sud-den jump; Down comes the oth-er end with a bump.</p> | <p>Up and down, up and down, Who so hap-py in all the town? Some can wave a chub-by arm; Some hold on in great a-larm. Up and down, like bird on wing, Brave or tim-id, hear them sing, Nine lit-tle tots on a fine see- saw : “ <i>See-saw, Mar-ger-y Daw.</i> ”</p> |
|---|---|

MAM-MA'S CHRIST-MAS LES-SON.

What mam-ma said came true. There were no pres-ents Christ-mas, no pres-ents New Year's. Mam-ma had said the week be-fore that there would be none. "My lit-tle daugh-ters," she had said, "you can-



TALK-ING IT O-V-ER.

not think you are to have Christ-mas gifts this year."

Why should she have spok-en so? She had looked ver-y so-ber. And they *knew* she had bought wax dolls, and they were ver-y sure there were hand-some crim-son sash-rib-bons too.

But Christ-mas had gone, and New Year's, just like oth-er days, and there had been no sashes, no dolls.

The lit-tle nurs-er-y fam-i-ly, the three sis-ters, and Doll Fran-ce-lia, sat a-round the play ta-ble and talked it over.

"Can it be 'cause we don't 'mem-ber p'lite-ness at ta-ble?" said Nel-ly.

"Or cause we don't pick up play-things?" said An-na.

"An' cause, may-be, we ask ques-tions an' don't wait when pa-pa an' mam-ma talk," said lit-tle De-lia.

No-bod-y an-swered. But Doll Fran-ce-lia stood right up in her chair and looked sur-prised that her three lit-tle mam-mas could have ex-pect-ed pres-ents when they had done these naugh-ty things.


 H! Sunflower tall,
 Looking over the wall!
 You think Jolly Tim is remarkably
 small;
 But little Tim knows That he grows and he grows,
 Else how would he ever keep up
 with his clothes?

M.T.T.



DAI-SY'S SUN-DAY-DAY.

"Mam-ma," called Dai-sy one Sun-day morn-ing, com-ing up-stairs as fast as her short legs would bring her, "the church clocks are hol-ler-in'



ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

for me to go to Sun-day-school; don't you hear?"

"Mam-ma, do let her go," said Mar-ga-ret.

"An' I'll wear my Ba-by Bunt-in' clothes, an' I won't nev-er say onespeck o' noise," said Dai-sy, pranc-ing about.

So they put on the Ba-by Bunt-ing suit, and she went with Mar-ga-ret.

And this is what she told when she came home.

"An', mam-ma," said she, "I saw a bad dirl, an' it was Sun-day-day, an' I was a dood dirl, an' I made a frown at her, 'cause she was a-tak-in' walks Sun-day-day, she an' her doll.

An' I met some more bad dirl, an' I made a frown at her too, 'cause I was a



A BAD GIRL.



AN-OTH-ER BAD GIRL.

dood dirl, an' it was Sun-day-day, an' she was a-sit-tin' on a door-step, an' a-smil-in' out loud. An' I singed in church."

"Yes, mam-ma," said Mar-

ga-ret. "And I was so vexed."

"S'ould Mar-get be vexed on a Sun-day-day?" said Dai-sy.

"An' now take off my Ba-by Bunt-ins."

A PUZ-ZLE.

A great man-y folks wanted to see our John-ny. Grand-ma and grand-pa Lee, aunt Sue and aunt Lau-ra, cous-in Bess, and Mrs. Gray. None of them had ev-er seen John-ny, and some of them lived East, and some West, some North, and some South; and John-ny could not go to them all.

"They *ought* to see him, and they shall," said mam-ma.

And just be-fore Christ-mas, she put five lit-tle John-nies in the mail-bag, and off they went, North, South, East, and West. And Christ-mas day grand-pa and grand-ma Lee, cous-in



HAY-ING HIS PICT-URE TAK-EN.

Bess, the two aunt-ies, and Mrs. Gray, all saw John-ny; and mam-ma had him too. *How?*



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN IN-DIA.

They saw el-e-phants used in-stead of horses. The car-riages were on the el-e-phants' backs, and men rode up there. They wore white gowns and caps, and car-ried par-a-sols.

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"OH, WHAT A STRONG BOY AM I!"

FRED-DY'S PETS.

Fred-dy's blue eyes spar-kle open ver-y ear-ly. Grand-ma thinks "the house is com-ing down" when she hears him jump out o-ver-head. Mam-ma says she rath-er have three



WITH A PIN HOOK.

ducks to bathe. He can hard-ly stand still to be dressed—he wants to go see his pets.

One fam-i-ly live down in a cor-ner of the gar-den fence—a hill of ants. Fred-dy leaves

them six grains of wheat. When he comes a-gain at noon the wheat is gone.

Then he runs to a lit-tle hole in the ground, cov-ered with a flat stone. He looks in. There is a crick-et, a spi-der, a chinch-bug, and four oth-er bugs. Fred-dy knows how man-y legs each bug has, and he says they all like sug-ar. He says *ev-er-y-thing likes sug-ar*.

Af-ter break-fast he fish-es in his fish-pond with his pin-fish-hook. Once he caught a sil-ver min-now, once a crab. But Fred-dy's fish-es like him bet-ter when he comes with bread-crumbs. They do not un-der-stand at all how a lit-tle boy can feed them so kind-ly in the morn-ing, and then catch them in the af-ter-noon on a cru-el fish-hook.

BA-BY'S BED-TIME.

When does ba-by's bed-time come?
When the cows are go-ing home,
And the chick-ens go to rest
With their moth-er in her nest.

When the flow-ers in gar-den
beds
Close their leaves, and droop
their heads,
And the fire-fly lights his lamp
In the grass-es cool and damp.

When the sun shuts his bright
eye,
And goes down be-low the
sky,
And a-round the roof of blue
Lit-tle stars come twink-ling
through.



SOFT SHE SLEEPS TILL MORN-ING LIGHT.

Then the ba-by coos "Good-night!"
Soft she sleeps till morn-ing light;
But at ear-li-est peep of day
She's a-wake, and full of play.



WHO'S AFRAID?

“Bow-wow-wow, beg-gar birds! Oh, how do you dare
A-light with-out leave at my din-ner-dish there?
Don’t you know, beg-gar birds, I’m a great dog-king,
And could chew you all up, leg, feath-er and wing?”
He growled and he growled, with his growls for his pains—
For what bird is a-fraid of a dog in chains!



UP · IN · THE · GARRET · WE · DRESS · TO · GO · OUT ·
 WHERE · GRANDMAMMA'S · THINGS · ARE · ALL · LYING · ABOUT ·
 LOOK · AT · MY · BONNET · HOW · NICELY · IT · FITS ·
 EFFIE · IS · TRYING · THOSE · FUNNY · OLD · MITTS ·
 NELL · HAS · A · SKIRT · AND · A · PARASOL ·
 AND · TEDDY · IS · EAGER · TO · HELP · US · ALL ·
 WILL · YOU · GO · WITH · US ? IT'S · NOT · VERY · FAR ·
 WE · ARE · GOING · DOWN-STAIRS · TO · CALL · ON · MAMMA ·

MA-RY'S TUR-TLES.

Ma-ry likes pets. She has a frisk-y dog that jumps as high as her head to kiss her. He is of-ten up in her lap morn-ings be-fore she is dressed.



MA-RY AND HER DOG.

She has thir-ty pet wa-ter tur-tles. She goes ev-er-y day to feed them. At first, not a tur-tle is to be seen. She whis-tles

soft-ly, twice, three times. Lit-tle round bub-bles come on top of the wa-ter. They come clos-er. Now they look like the end of a man's thumb. They come still clos-er. Ah, they are tur-tles' heads, not bub-bles. You can see their bright eyes. Just be-low the wa-ter you can see the black and yel-low shells.

They swim up close. They eat bread from Ma-ry's hand. They are so ea-ger, they tumble over one an-oth-er. Ma-ry picks one up. It tries to shut its shell, but the shell of the wa-ter tur-tle is not made to shut tight. She puts it back, and it sticks out its head and legs and its tail, and swims off af-ter a crumb. It gets it, then dives to swal-low it.

Ma-ry is ver-y fond of them, and the tur-tles know it.



THIS IS THE BA-BY.

SHOE-ING THE BA-BY.

(Pa-pa's Let-ter.)

I send some shoes to shoe the
ba-by,

The trou-ble-some, the bless-ed
ba-by,

The dain-ty, coo-ing, ty-rant
ba-by,

The wake-ful elf that mur-ders
sleep,

The trick-sy dear that plays
Bo-peep ;

Here are some kids to case her
toes

That hav'-n't learned their
"comes and goes."

The lit-tle pigs that go to mar-
ket,

That kick in bed and on the
car-pet —

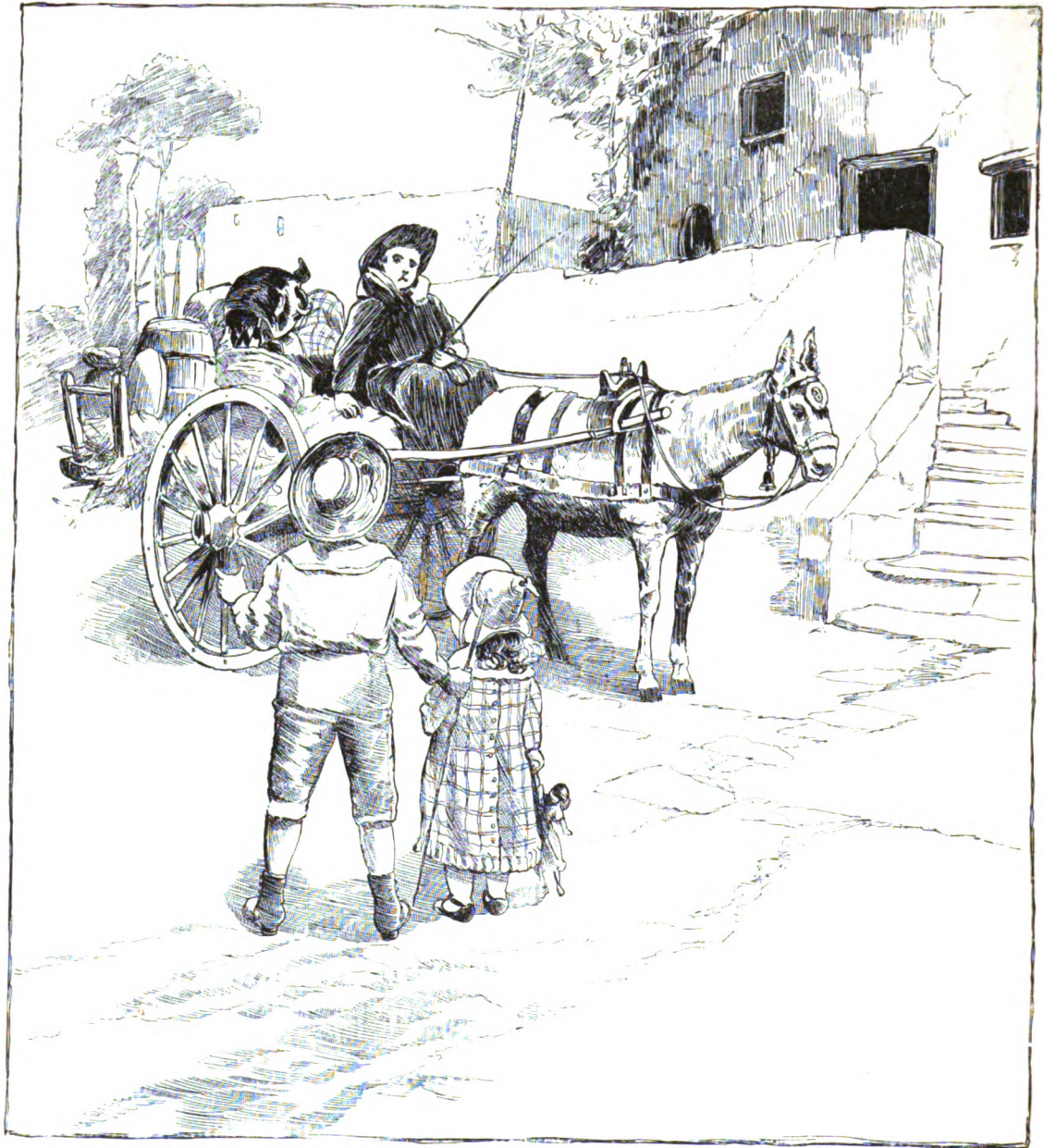
What will she do, what will
she think,

When mam-ma shall, as quick
as wink,

Shut both of the lit-tle ro-sy
rows

Of sweet and dim-pled pig-gy-
toes

Right in these pens be-fore she
knows ?



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN IT-A-LY.

They saw a priest with a beg-ging wag-on. He lived with oth-er poor priests, and he was tak-ing home grapes and ol-ives and chest-nuts and fowls in his beg-ging wag-on.

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MAM-MA'S SUR-PRIZE.

MAM-MA'S SUR-PRISE.

Nich-o-las Nut-ting,
An urch-in of four,
Watch-ing the ba-by
Creep-ing the floor ;

Mam-ma on an er-rand
O-ver the way,
Leav-ing a prom-ise
She would not stay ;

“ Now care for the ba-by,”
Her part-ing word ;
And Nich-o-las watched
As a cat would a bird.

Five min-utes went by,
And then five more ;
“ Oh dear !” sighed the watch-
er,
And went to the door.

No per-son in sight ;
“ I’m sure,” he said,
“ She’s been gone an hour,
And I’m al-most dead.”

Glanc-ing at ba-by,
Creep-ing the floor,
A bright thought struck him ;
“ I’ll stay here no more,

“ For I know what I’ll do,”
He cried in high glee,
And the faith-less watch-er
Made read-y to flee.

Seiz-ing a ham-mer,
Two tacks and a pin,
Through the dress of the ba-
by,
He drove them right in,

Leav-ing the dar-ling
Nailed to the floor ;
And fled from the nurs-ery
The barn to ex-plore.

Mam-ma re-turn-ing,
Wide o-pened her eyes
(And who can won-der ?)
At such a sur-prise !

DOT'S MIS-TAKE.

Dot was all ready to go visit-ing with mam-ma, and she looked as sweet as could be in her ruf-fled white dress, pink sash and pink boots.

"You must be a good girl when we get there, and find some-thing to play with," said mam-ma.

Now Dot want-ed to be a good girl. So she ran a-way by her-self and looked to see what there was to "play with" as mam-ma said.

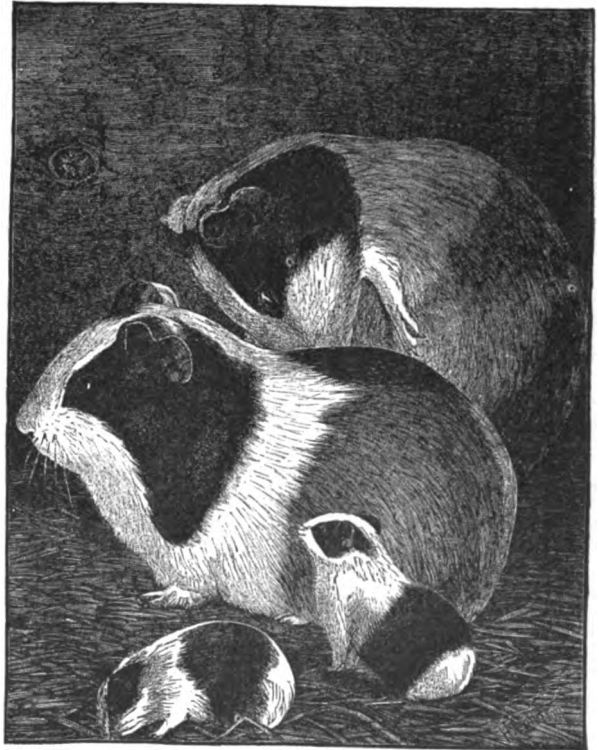
And soon she found some-thing very nice in-deed out in the back yard—a cage of guin-ea pigs.

When the tea-bell rang she came in all red and sweat-y and pant-ing, with one of the lit-tle guin-ea pigs hugged tight in her arms—squeal-ing

and scratch-ing to get a-way.

Dot's white dress was soiled and torn, her curls tum-bled, her pink sash spoiled.

"A pig!" cried mam-ma.



THE GUIN-EA PIGS.

Dot dropped her pet. She screamed. "I's f'aid o' pigs!" she said. "I fought 'twas a wab-bit!"

FIVE LIT-TLE PIGS.

Lift her out of the bath-tub,
 (Ba-by sweet as a rose)
 Hold her close to the fire,
 Warm her pink lit-tle toes;
 "This pig went to mar-ket."
 Oh! what a fat lit-tle pig!
 He'll get tired of walk-ing,
 And have to ride in a gig.
 Give him a kiss on his nose;
 Off to mar-ket this pig goes!

"This pig stayed at home."
 He had the din-ner to cook;
 Plen-ty of kitch-en a-prons,
 A brand-new cook-er-y book.
 If he burns the vict-uals
 All the pig-gies will say,
 "Oh, you worth-less good-for-
 noth-ing,
 This comes out of your
 pay!"
 Give him a kiss on his face,
 Pig-gy-cook has a hard place.

"This pig had roast beef."
 It must have tast-ed good;
 Sick a-bed with the meas-les
 He need-ed nour-ish-ing food.
 He ate it with cat-sup and pep-
 per,
 Horse-rad-ish and mus-tard
 too;
 Eyes so bright, skin so tight
 Be-fore his din-ner was thro'.
 Give him a kiss on his chin,
 So the meas-les won't strike in.

"This lit-tle pig had none."
 For he was try-ing to fast;
 Was not to eat for for-ty days.
 The time was al-most past,
 But didn't he moan and groan
 To see the oth-er pigs eat!
 For, oh, he want-ed a slice
 Of that ro-sy, jui-cy meat!
 Give him a kiss on his pate,
 This pig has a sad, sad fate.



BA-BY SWEET AS A ROSE.

“ This lit-tle pig cried *kwe!*
kwe!”

I guess he was tir-ed out,
And my sweet rose-ba-by
too,

Has the least wee bit pout.
Lay her down in the crib,

Look and see if the sheet
Cov-ers each lit-tle pig
And the dain-ty, dim-pled
feet.

All too tir-ed and hap-py she
To kiss the pig that cried out
kwe!

THE SHAD-OW GOOSE.



THE BLACK GOOSE.

One night when lit-tle Tom-my Toss-a-bout was very tir-ed with too much play, and Mam-ma Toss-a-bout was very tir-ed with too much story-tel-

ling, she re-mem-bered what was done for her when she was a lit-tle ro-sy rogue of a girl.

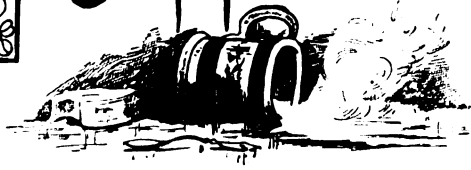
She said, “ Now, look here, Tom-my, and I will make you a goose.”

Then she made a black goose for him on the wall. How Tom-my laughed! The black goose would o-pen its long bill, and it would move its wing-feath-ers as if it were swim-ming.

Ask your mam-ma to make a black shad-ow goose for you. She can, if she looks sharp at the pict-ure.



Disappointment:



If you were as hungry
 as you could be.
 And knew it was time
 to have your tea.
 And they set you down
 on the nursery floor.
 And made you wait
 for an hour or more.
 And then brought your mug
 full of milk to the top.
 So hot that you couldn't
 drink one drop.
 I'd like to know
 what you would do.
 But cry like me.
 Now
 wouldn't you?





WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN SWITZ-ER-LAND.

They don't like Switz-er-land. It is all moun-tains, and lakes, and snow. It is too steep to climb up, too steep to ride down. Blue Eyes fears dolly will lose her life be-fore they get a-way.

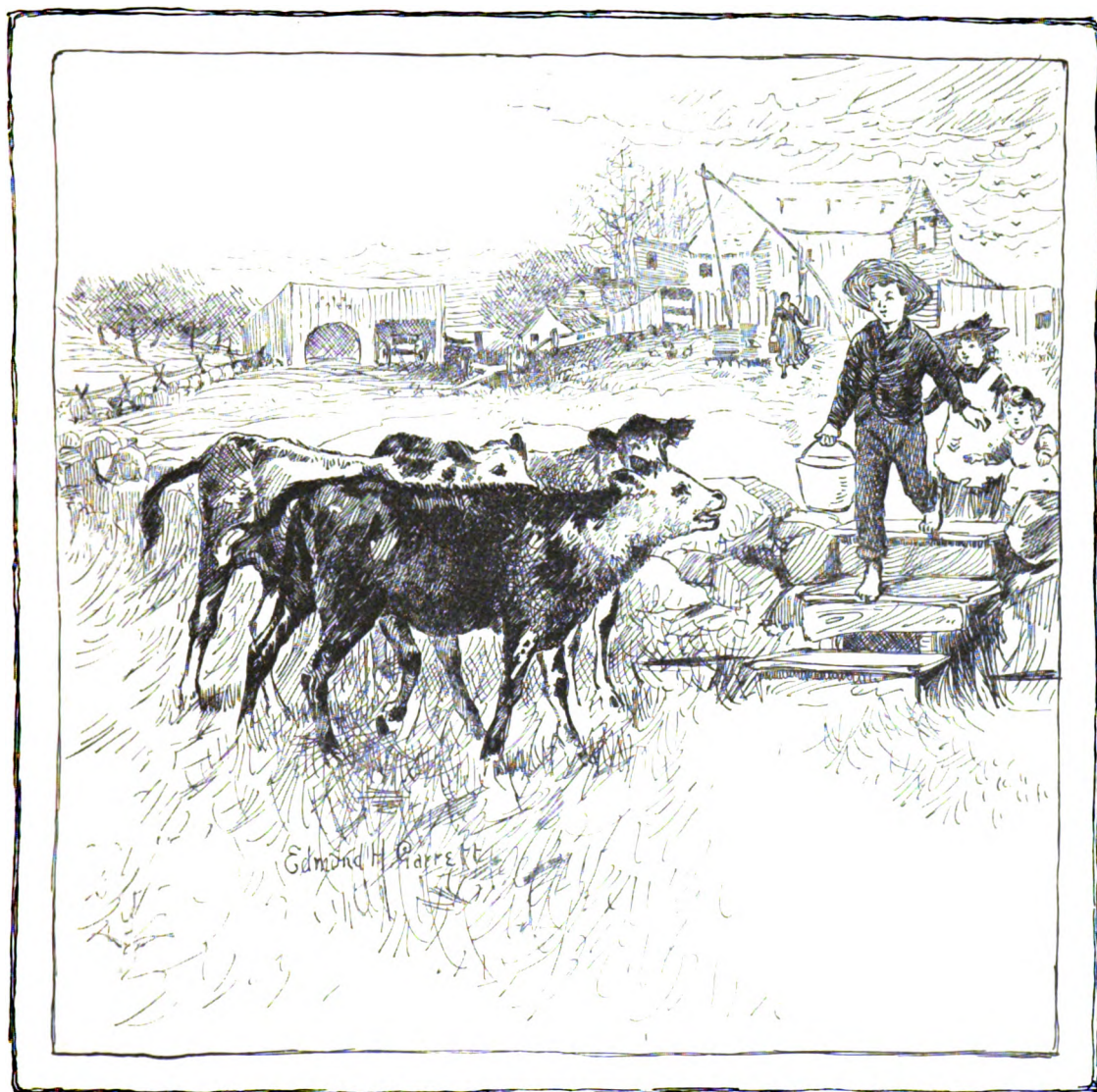
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BUT-TER-CUP, DAI-SY AND TOT.

THREE LIT-TLE PETS.

Three lit-tle bos-sies stand yon-der,
But-ter-cup, Dai-sy and Tot ;
Wait-ing and long-ing for sup-per,
For the milk, that a-las! com-eth not.

“ Dear! dear !” cries But-ter-cup cross-ly,
With a whisk of her lit-tle red tail,
“ How many more hours, I won-der,
Ere we wel-come the old wood-en pail.”

“ Oh, come, now,” says lit-tle Tot, gay-ly,
“ Don’t stand there and scold all the day ;
But com-fort your-self, in the mean-time,
With a wisp of this fra-grant new hay.”

Little Miss Dai-sy stands lis-ten-ing,
Nev-er a word does she say ;
Her eyes so in-tent-ly are watch-ing
The house door just o-ver the way.

And here comes, at last, the young mas-ter
Through the shad-ows of twi-ght so dim,
Bear-ing the old wood-en milk-pail,
Foam-ing and filled to the brim.

NEL-LIE'S CATS.

Nel-lie loves cats. She has eight. She is a-wak-ened each morn-ing by a gen-tle scratch-ing at the win-dow, that grows to be a big scratch and a loud me-ow if she doesn't an-swer.

It is fun-ny to see four of them sit-ting on the win-dow-sill, and four on the rail-ing of the porch a-wait-ing a re-ply to that scratch.

When Nel-lie o-pens the win-dow they all bounce in pell-mell, and race o-ver the bed and play hide-and-seek be-hind the pil-lows.

These cats are named Eliz-a-beth, Liz-zie, Bet-sey and Bess, James, Jim-mie, Jam-sie and Jim, aft-er Nel-lie's pa-pa and mam-ma.

Eliz-a-beth is the lead-er in mis-chief. She taught the oth-

ers how to scratch at the win-dow.

James is the high-mind-ed cat. He sits on the dic-tion-a-ry on



AT NEL-LIE'S WIN-DOW.

top of the book-rack and some-times on the man-tel. But he is care-ful not to whisk his tail and break the or-na-ments.



HAND-SOME LIT-TLE FEL-LOWS.

THE ST. BERNARD PUP-PIES.

Here are the beau-ti-ful pup-pies that the Eng-lish boys and girls went to see at the big Lon-don dog-show a few weeks a-go. The ba-bies went too. The chil-dren looked some at the lit-tle dogs be-cause they were so hand-some, but more be-cause they were of the best and brav-est kind of dogs in the world

win-ter oft-en lose their way in the great snow-storms of the Alps; and a house-hold of men who live in the moun-tains keep this brave-kind of dogs and send them out to hunt for lost trav-el-ers. If there is a man with-in reach these strong good dogs will find him and dig him out of the drifts and help him to a place of safe-ty. They are called St. Ber-nard dogs.

Trav-el-ers in Eu-rope in





TORN FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.

A PAGE OF PICT-URES.

One day I peeped in an artist's book where he makes pictures, and I saw a leaf so fun-ny that I tore it out to put in BABYLAND. When the artist had seen any fun-ny or pret-ty things he had made a lit-tle shape of it on this page. There was a shape of a lit-tle rag-ged shoe, and a roost-er's head, and a ba-by's fat arm, and a rogue with a bot-tle of jam, and a big dog's head with a lit-tle pup-py's head a-top of it, and a ba-by sop-ping him-self in a wash-bowl, and ev-er so man-y cats, and a pair of chub-by feet, and a lit-tle black girl in a hood, and a horse eat-ing out of a bag.

A BAD-MAN-NERED CAT.

She is glos-sy and hand-some,
yet for all that,
I call her a ver-y bad-man-ner-
ed cat.

If at din-ner, one leaves his
chair a min-ute,
As quick as a flash that creat-
ure is in it

Look-ing on, as if she ex-pect-
ed to be

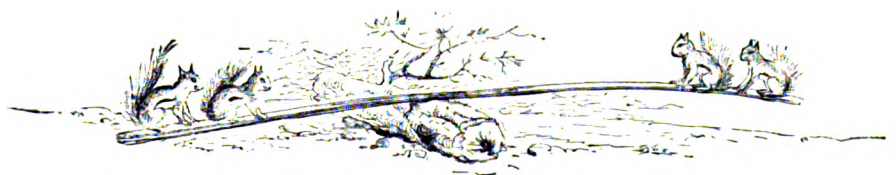
Treat-ed like one of the fam-i-ly.
And some-times, if to be-lieve
it you're a-ble,

When no one is near she jumps
on the table.



A BAD-MAN-NERED CAT.

She is glos-sy and hand-some, and yet, for all that,
I call her a ver-y bad-man-nered cat ;
And this is the thing for which oft-en-est I'm wroth —
She is teach-ing her kit-ten to climb up the cloth.





WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN AF-RI-CA.

In Af-ri-ca Blue Eyes looked at the cam-el, for he was the tall-est creat-ure she ev-er saw ; and the A-rab looked at Blue Eyes' doll, for it was the small-est creat-ure he ev-er saw.

BABYLAND

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THE NAUGH-TY BLACK CHICK-EN. — "I HAVE FOUND A BEAU-TI-FUL COUN-TRY," SAID HE.

THE NAUGH-TY BLACK CHICK-EN.

The Chick-i-ty Fluffs lived in the fin-est coop in Cur-rant Bush Row. It had a real door with leath-ern hinges, and a but-ton, and all the slats were nailed on true and even. There were ten of the Chick-i-ty Fluffs, and nine were good, and one was naugh-ty — the black chick-en. He it was who al-ways hopped in-to the water and up-set it; he who scratched dirt in-to the meal; he who in-trud-ed in-to the oth-er coops, un-til all the moth-er-hens hat-ed him, and wished Mrs. Chick-i-ty Fluff had lived to bring up her chil-dren prop-er-ly.

Now there was al-ways plen-ty to eat in Cur-rant Bush Row — grain, crumbs and meal three times a day, and there were good scratch-

ing places all a-bout. But one morn-ing the black chick-en, who had been gone ev-er since sun-rise, came back to the coop, drip-ping with dew, and a bright light in his eye — ah, that was a rogue's eye if ev-er there were one! "I have found a beau-ti-ful coun-try!" said he, "a coun-try full of love-ly soft scratch-ing-places, with paths be-tween, and they are just as full as they can be of all kinds of seeds, and all kinds of bugs and worms. Come and see — it is just through that fence!"

And where think you it was? In the gar-den! And what think you hap-pened? A fierce lit-tle dog flew at them, and barked them out, and came *ver-y* near catch-ing the naugh-ty black chick-en by the leg.



Riding to Boston

Up · down · up · down
 Here · we · go · riding · to · Boston · town ·
 Tommy · behind · and · Teddy · before ·
 Nelly · and · Dolly · and · room · for · more ·
 Riding · to · Boston · town ·

Up · down · up · down ·
 What · shall · we · buy · us · in · Boston · town ·
 Beautiful · dresses · of · satin · and · silk
 And · plenty · of · straw · berries ·
 sugar · and · milk ·
 Riding · to · Boston ·
 town ·



THREE DREAMS.

Oft-en when Cat Silk-y-soft | like mam-ma's dreams, they
and her daugh-ter-cats woke | are al-ways fun-ny."

So mam-ma told first, and it *was* fun-ny, as us-u-al. "I dreamed," said she, "that I was a great com-mon black cat, and that I lived up in an at-tic, and that ev-



CAT SILK-Y-SOFT AND HER DAUGH-TER-CATS.

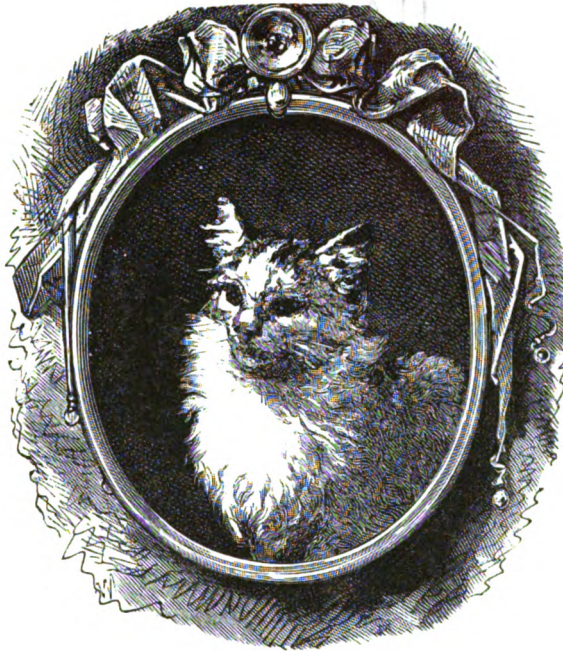
in the morn-ing they would tell each oth-er their dreams; for cats are great dream-ers. So the oth-er morn-ing, "Let's tell dreams," said Pet.

"Let's," said Prink, "and er-y day at noon I put on a mam-ma shall tell first, for I blue cra-vat and gave an ice-



cream lunch to eight rats!"

"*That'll* never come to pass, mam-ma," said Prink. "And I," Prink went on, "I dream-ed I was grown up, and was a great beau-ty, and a paint-er paint-ed me, and I was hung in the pict-ure store in a most el-e-gant frame, with the most el-e-gant rib-bons and gold-en tas-sels."



PRINK'S DREAM.

"You vain puss! *that'll* never come to pass," said mam-ma.

"And I," said Pet, gig-gling right out, "*I* dream-ed I was an old danc-ing-mas-ter, and the chil-dren here had to take les-

sons of me — and did-n't I pay them out for mak-ing me stand on my hind paws yes-ter-day — yes, I did!"



PET'S DREAM.

THE SHAD-OW WOLF.

A-gain an-oth-er night when Tom-my Toss-a-bout could-n't I want his mouth o-pen, and I want him to howl, too!"

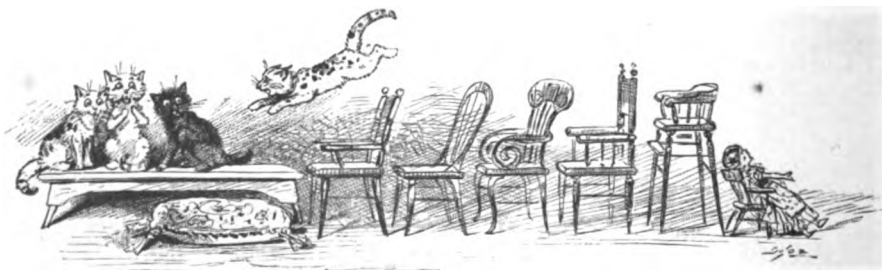


THE SHAD-OW WOLF.

sleep, Mam-ma Toss-a-bout re-mem-bered the shad-ow goose. "Lie still," she said, "and I will make you a shad-ow kit-ten." "A shad-ow kit-ten!" said he, "I won't have a kit-ten! I want a wolf, and

I want his mouth o-pen, and I want him to howl, too!"

Mam-ma Toss-a-bout set the lamp just right, and her chair just right, and then she fold-ed her hands just right — and there on the wall was the wolf's head and neck; then she held her thumbs just right, and there were the wolf's ears; then she held two fin-gers just right, and there was the wolf's ug-ly mouth o-pen; and then pa-pa, who had come up-stairs, gave a ver-y fear-ful cry, and there was the wolf's howl, and how Tom-my jumped!



A HOME GYM-NA-SI-UM.

FLOS-SIE'S TOOTH.



FLOS-SIE CAN-NOT UN-DEE-STAND.

What lit-tle Flos-sie calls her
“ toose ”

Was grow-ing loose
And pa-pa stirred him-self
a-bout

To pull it out.
From mam-ma's work-box the
first thing,
He got a string,

And then, be-cause she sob-
bed and cried,
Threw it a-side.
At last he said — and it was
true —
He did-n't know what to
do.

So mam-ma said, “ Come here
to me,
I want to see ;
Show me the place — which
is it, dear?

This one right here?
I'm sure it does-n't need a
string,
White, pret-ty thing !”
She bare-ly touched it — out
it fell !

And Flos-sie — well,
Although they put it in her
hand
She could not un-der-stand.



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN NOR-MAN-DY.

They saw a wo-man, to whom they said, "Why do you wear wood-en shoes and a tall cap?" "I wear them," said she, "be-cause my moth-er did, and my grand-moth-er, too."

BABYLAND

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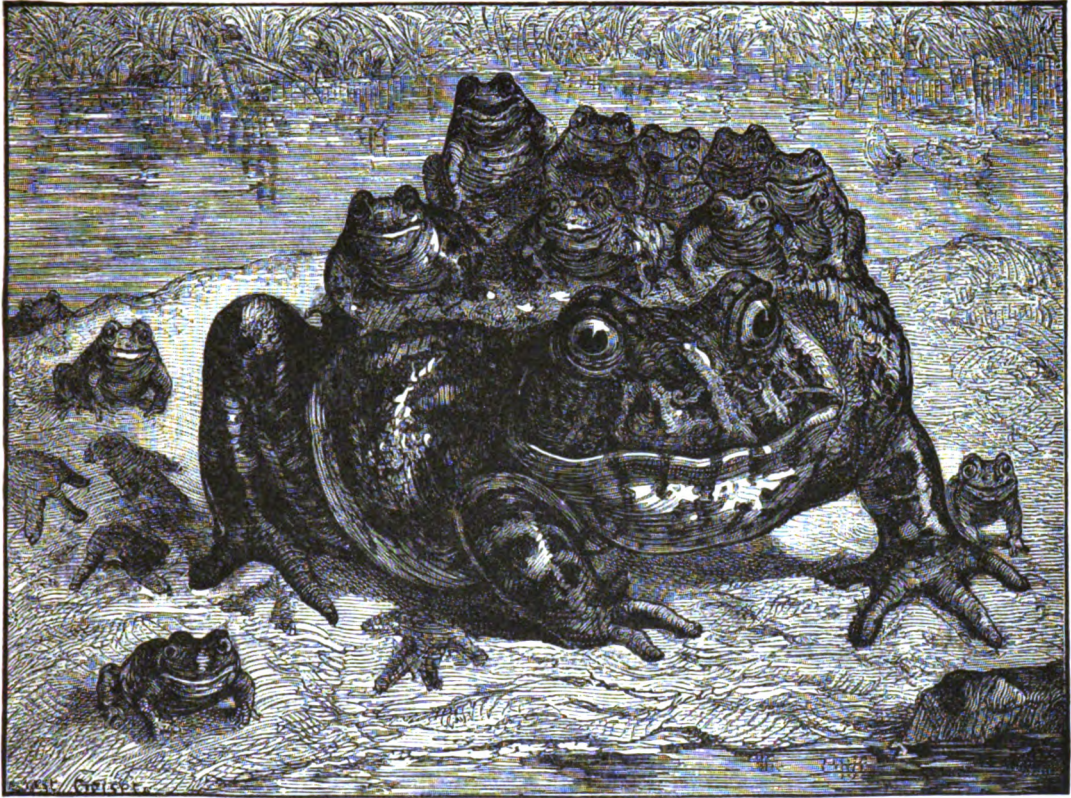
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"I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY THOSE SIL-LY THINGS!"

WHAT TOM-MY SAID TO THE GIRLS.

I told you 'twasn't of an-y use,
To buy those sil-ly bal-loons,
Al-though they did look pret-ty e-nough,
Like shin-ing scar-let moons.
Of course the man said they were strong,
And prom-ised they should last ;
He knew they would be lost, or spoiled
Be-fore the day was past.
They're like the bub-bles that we blow,
I told you so at first ;
The big-ger and pret-ti-er they look,
The sur-er they are to burst.
And if they *do* stay round and red,
Al-most be-fore you know,
You drop the string, and off in the air
The fool-ish things will go.
But nev-er mind. I would-n't cry,
I have *my* mon-ey still.
Come, Am-y! let the old thing stay
Up there in the tree, if it will ;
And you may taste what I shall buy,
And see if you don't say
It's best to spend on some-thing to eat,
For *that* can't fly a-way!



GO-ING TO SEE THE FIRE-WORKS.



TIM AND TOM-MY TOD-DLES.

Flos-sie gave a par-ty ;
 There weren't tarts e-nough,
 So Tim and Tom-my Tod-dles
 Went home in a huff.
 They thought they gave Miss
 Flos-sie
 A ver-y sharp re-buff —
 But Tim and Tom-my Tod-dles
 It was, they treat-ed rough.

CAP-TAIN SCAR-LET'S AD-VENT-URE.



"WERE YOU NOT AFRAID?"

"But were you not a-fraid?" asked Mrs. Scarlet. "I shiver in ev-er-y feath-er to e-ven think of it."

Cap-tain Scarlet lift-ed his eye-brows a tri-ble. "I think," said he, "that I felt no fear to speak of. I knew the fox-na-ture.

He real-ly could not reach me on that high gate-post. I had on-ly to per-sist in not com-ing down. 'No, thank you,' I

said; 'it is rather too ear-ly in the morn-ing for so long a



"I KNEW THE FOX NA-TURE."

stroll.' There he stood and in- vited, and there I stood and said 'No, thank you,' un-til I act-u-al-ly tired him out, and he trot-ted off. But I know who he *did* get." "Who, dear?"

"Those od-i-ous lit-tle twins



THE GREEN-BILL TWINS

of Mrs. Green-bill's. I saw it all. They were down by the pond, quack-ing and quar-rel-ling o-ver a big worm — each had hold of it; and they nev-er saw him till he pounced."

"What an ad-ven-ture you've had!" said Mrs. Scar-let.



And didn't they have a good time.
 And didn't they make the most
 wonderful noise.
 The bells were a-ringing all over
 the town.
 And men in gilt buttons they marched up and down.
 But Tommy and Johnny and Rob and the rest
 they marched and they shouted as well as the best.
 And Rob when the funny
 procession began
 Beat. Rub-a-dub-dub on a
 shining tin pan.
 Little Got shouted too as she waved her wee flag.
 It was made of a piece out of Grandma's work-bag.
 You just should have heard what a racket they made
 With their big fire-crackers. Yes Got was afraid.
 She hid her bright eyes
 at the flash and the noise.
 And begged some torpedoes
 instead from the boys.
 Bang bang go the crackers.
 Hurrah they all cry.
 Was there ever a day like the Fourth of July!





"MY DOLL IS LOST!"



"MY DOLL IS FOUND!"

AR-A-MIN-TA ROS-A-BELLE.

Come, all who love your dol-lies well,
And hear the tale of what be-fell
Miss Ar-a-min-ta Ros-a-belle ;
Miss Ar-a-min-ta Ros-a-belle Thay-er ;
Her mis-tress sought her ev-er-y-where.

Scarce half an inch in length was she,
But al-ways dressed as gor-geous-ly
As such a lit-tle doll could be.
Ah, dolls so small are sure to be lost!
Who buys such dolls should count the cost.

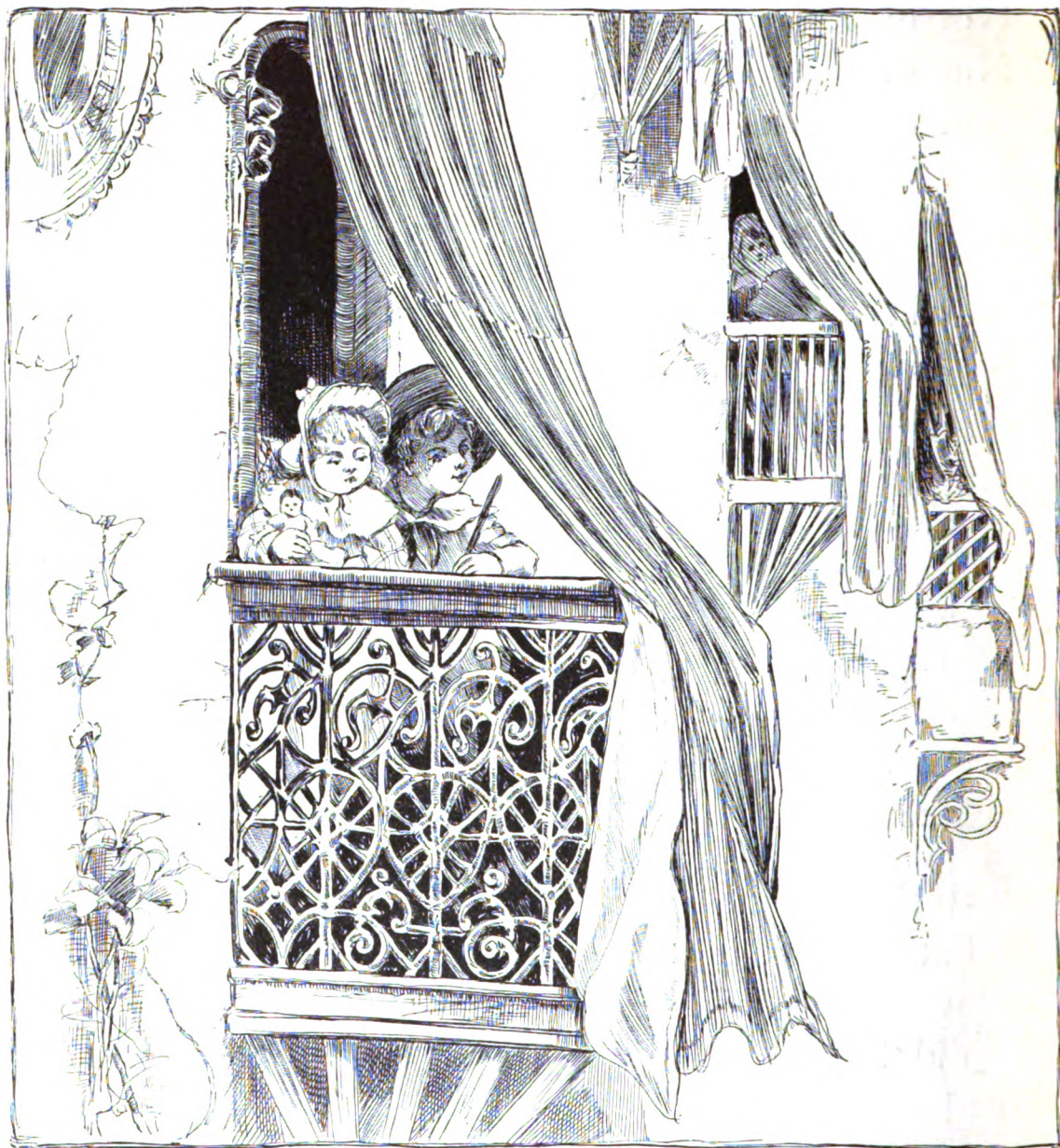
Not on a ta-ble, nor on a stair,
Not dropped in a cor-ner an-y-where,
Not on a shelf, nor un-der a chair,
Not in the at-tic, nor cel-lar was she,
Nor in an-y place where a doll might be.

Not in the gar-den 'neath bush or tree,
Not on the paths, or the grass was she;
Now sure-ly this was a mys-ter-y!
Her mis-tress' heart was like to break;
She wept and wept for her dol-lie's sake.

Dew-y and still the gar-den lay
Touched with the first red light of day;
Peo-ple were wak-ing a-cross the way.
Flow-ers that close ere the sun has set,
Scarce had o-pen-ed their pet-als yet.

“Moth-er, moth-er, do come and see,
What was hid-ing my doll from me!
Flow-ers are wick-ed as they can be!
I laid her to sleep in a pop-py-cup
And the naught-y pop-py fold-ed her up!”

Now, all who love their dol-lies well
Should heed this tale of Ros-a-belle,
Who went to sleep in a pop-py-cup
Too near the time of its fold-ing up.



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN SPAIN.

They sat in a cur-tained bal-co-ny and looked down on the street. Blue Eyes says she saw for-ty don-keys in ten min-utes. Black Eyes says he saw for-ty beg-gars in five.

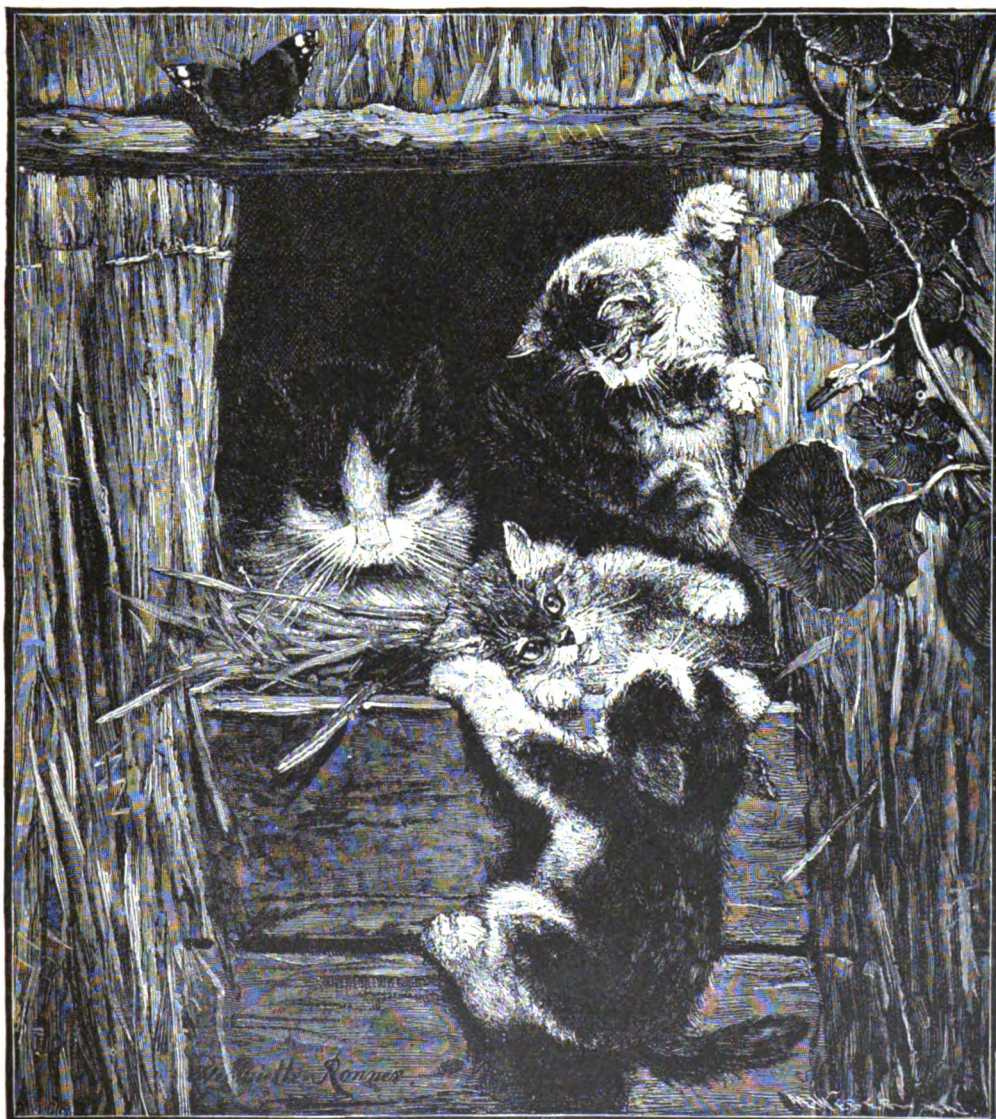
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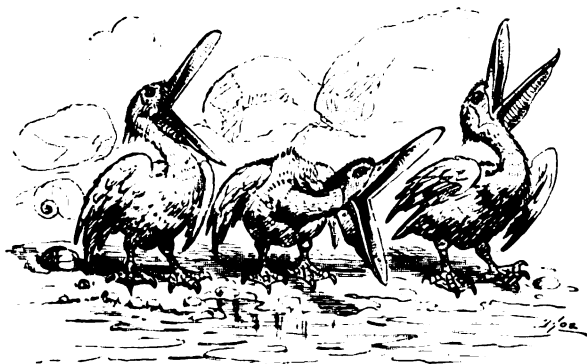
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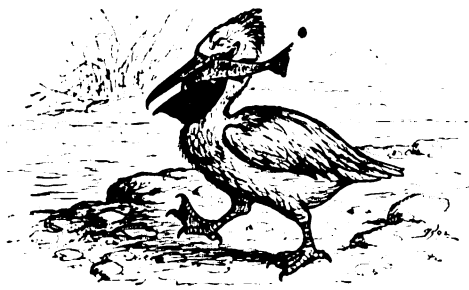
IN BOS-SY-COW'S MAN-GER.

THREE LIT-TLE PEL-I-CANS.



THE THREE LIT-TLE PEL-I-CANS.

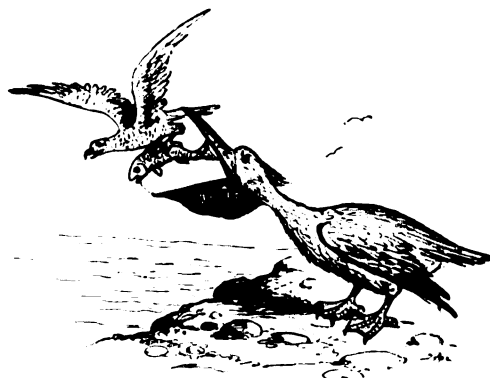
Three lit-tle pel-i-cans
 All in a row,
 Dressed in pret-ty feath-er
 coats
 White as snow,
 Stood upon the sea-shore,
 Watch-ing the tide,



THE FA-THER PEL-I-CAN.

Yel-low bills (with crim-son
 tipped)
 O-pened wide.

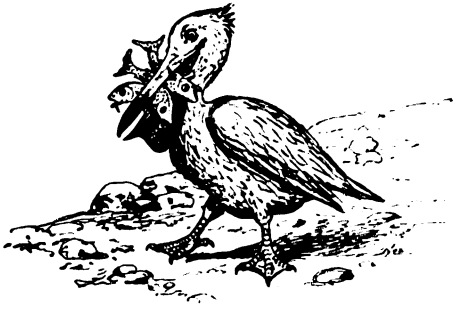
While Fa-ther Pel-i-can
 Went off to sea,
 There to find a sup-per for
 These small three;
 And in-to his pouch soon
 (As in a dish)
 Scooped he — tail just stick-ing
 out,
 A big fish.



THE GREED-Y HAWK.

'Long came a greed-y hawk,
 Bold thief was he,
 Snatched the fish and flew
 a-way
 In great glee.
 Three lit-tle pel-i-cans
 See-ing this sight,

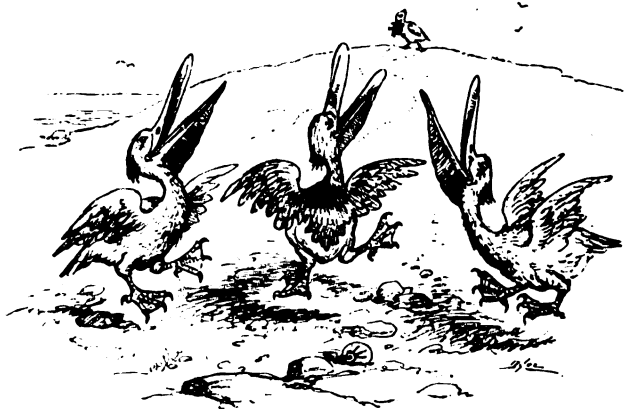
Screamed and cried, and
scolded with
All their might.



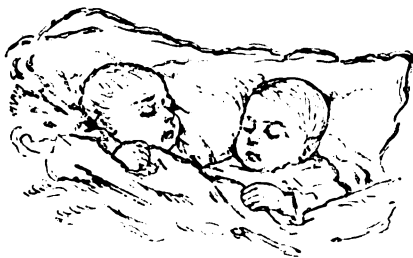
THE FA-THER CATCH-ES MORE.

But Fa-ther Pel-i-can
Said not a word,
On-ly turned a-bout a-gain,
Wise old bird,
And with pouch held read-y
Wait-ed once more,
Till in-stead of one big fish
He caught four.

Three lit-tle pel-i-cans
Shout-ed "O! Goo-ood!"
Flapped their wings and
hopped as high
As they could.
And it was no won-der
They were so glad,
For soon they had a jol-ly
feast,
Yes, they had!

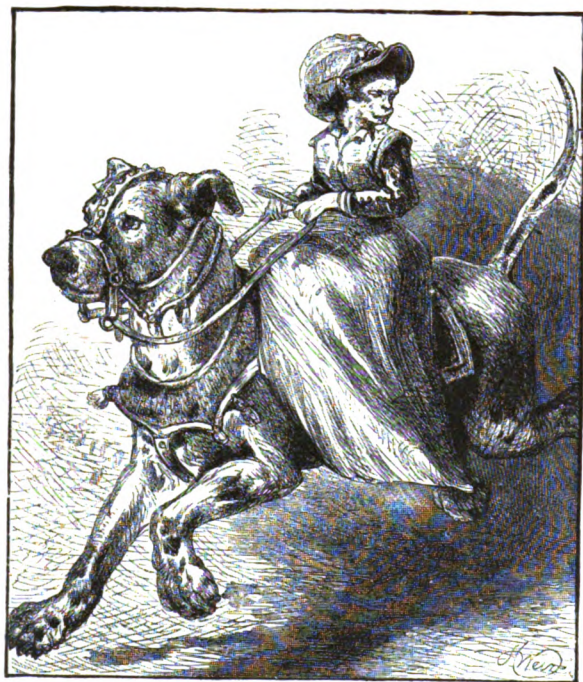


"O, GOO-ODD, GOO-ODD!"



How man-y ba-bies in the bed?
Count them up and see;
Ned-die is one, and Ed-die is two,
And one and two make three.

LIT-TLE TIM'S PLAY-MATES.



AND A-WAY THEY WOULD GAL-LOP !

La-dy Jock-ette be-longed to lit-tle Tim Gray. Lit-tle Tim was the on-ly child in the house, and he was oft-en very dull and lone-some. One day he said he wished he could have a mon-key play-fel-low, "a real rogue, you know, pa-pa," he added.

Sopa-pa bought La-dy Jock-ette and her dog Prig of a

show-man. Prig had a red har-ness with gold bells and blue tas-sels, and La-dy Jock-ette had a gay green vel-vet hat and feath-er, and a green hab-it and long yel-low gloves, and she would stand still-er than lit-tle Tim him-self to be dressed. Then Prig in his bright har-ness, would kneel for her to mount, and she would take the reins in her paws like a la-dy, and a-way, and a-way they would gal-lop; and the more their lit-tle master clapped his hands and laughed, the fast-er they would go, jing-ling and tink-ling. An-i-mals know when they are praised.

And then when the ride was done, lit-tle Tim would give them cook-ies, and La-dy Jock-ette would feed Prig with her own hands.

DOROTHY'S WALK.

Now · where · is · our · Dorothy · going · to-day?
 To · call · on · her · neighbour · just · over · the · way.
 She · holds · up · her · dress · from · the · dew · on · the · grass.
 And · the · hollyhocks · nod · to · see · Dorothy · pass.



"I'm going out calling.
 Good-morning," says she.
 "And if they should ask me, I may stay to tea."



LIT-TLE CIT-Y FOLKS IN THE COUN-TRY. — "HERE WE ARE! HUR-RAH! HUR-RAH!"

THE SHAD-OW RAG-MAN.



THE RAG-MAN AP-PEARS.

One day Tom-my Toss-a-bout was a naugh-ty boy. He

stood at the win-dow and "made faces" at the old black rag-man as he went by. He sup-posed no one saw. But Mam-ma Toss-a-bout saw, and she wished to make her lit-tle boy think a-bout his un-kind-ness. So she went in-to her room and prac-ticed a shad-ow. Af-ter Tom-my was in bed, just when he was

ex-pect-ing some queer an-i-mal, he saw the poor black rag-man come on the wall, and the mouth o-pened, and a voice some-where said, "Tom-my, I am not to blame for be-ing poor, and old, and black. Why should nice, white lit-tle boys make fa-ces at me?"

HOW MAM-MA REST-ED.

Mam-ma Ben-nett was a very tired mam-ma. Her three nois-y lit-tle folks had near-ly worn her out, and she was glad e-nough to go to the great, green farm and rest when June came.

The first morn-ing she put stout, loose, Kate Green-a-way and Moth-er Hub-bard clothes on her chil-dren, and then said, "Now Trud-ie, Jim-my and Tot, you can play un-til you are sat-is-fied. You can't tear or spoil these clothes. Don't let me see or hear of you

a-gain un-til din-ner time. I want to lie down." But when mam-ma went up stairs to lie down, what do you sup-pose she saw out of the win-dow? Just look at the pic-ture and see! Oh, did-n't mam-ma scamp-er down those stairs!

No rest for mam-ma! No, no, in-deed!



WHAT MAM-MA SAW.



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN ENG-LAND.

They like Eng-land. Blue Eyes likes the stiles—such nice steps to go up o-ver the fen-ces and down a-gain. Black Eyes says Eng-land is the green-est land he has seen.

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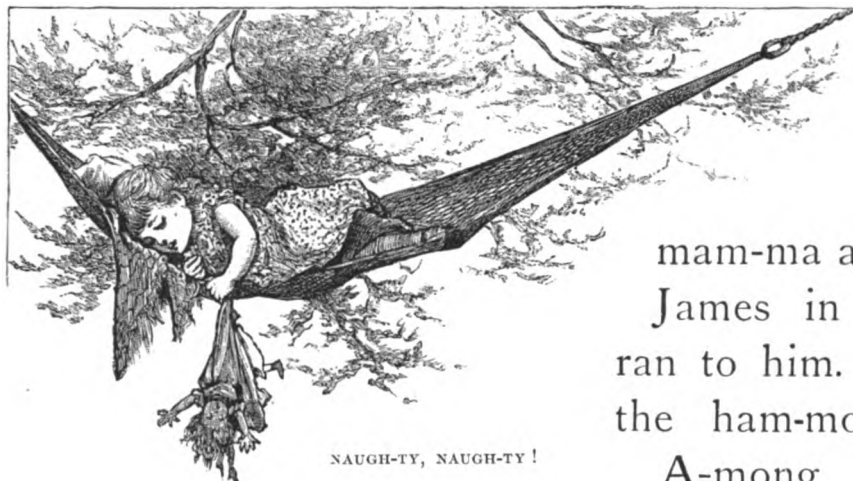
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"YOU'RE A BA-BY, YOU ARE! AIN'T GOT ON TROU-SERS YET!"

JAN-IE'S LES-SON.



NAUGH-TY, NAUGH-TY!

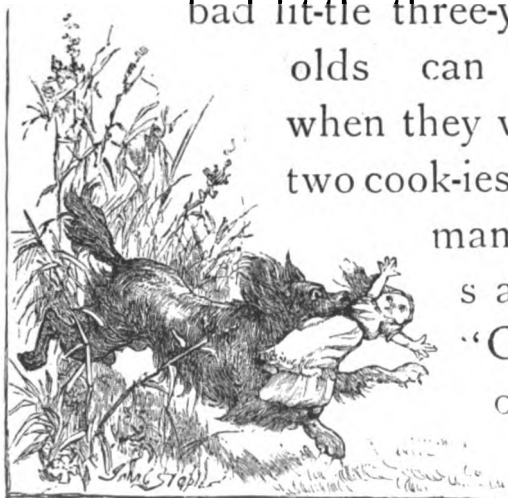
“Come, Dim-ple Dol-ly, we’ll run a-way, we will!”

It was a very naugh-ty girl that spoke. On-ly three years old, but oh! how bad lit-tle three-year-

olds can be when they want two cook-ies and mam-ma

s a y s

“On-ly one!”



THE TRAMP-DOG.

Jan-ie was so naugh-ty as to wish she nev-er, nev-er would see mam-ma a-gain. She spied James in the or-chard, and ran to him. “Put me up in the ham-mock,” she said.

A-mong the green leaf-y boughs she fell a-sleep, glad in her bad lit-tle heart that mam-ma did not know where she was.

“I can eat ap-ples,” she said, “and nev-er go in-to the house at all.”

“And now,” said Dol-ly Dim-ple, when she saw Jan-ie was a-sleep, “I will run a-way from my mam-ma.” And a-way she pulled from Jan-ie’s hand, and down she fell, down, down down-y; and then a lit-tle tramp-dog caught her and

ran, oh!—no-bod-y knows
where.

And now Jan-ie sees how
bad lit-tle daugh-ters can

make their mam-mas feel, for
every night she sobs and sobs
for her own poor run-a-way
Dim-ple Dol-ly.



SOME LIT-TLE SUM-MER BOARD-ERS.

“Just see how ver-y spry I am,”
Said lit-tle But-ter-ball,
“I don’t de-serve that clum-sy
name,

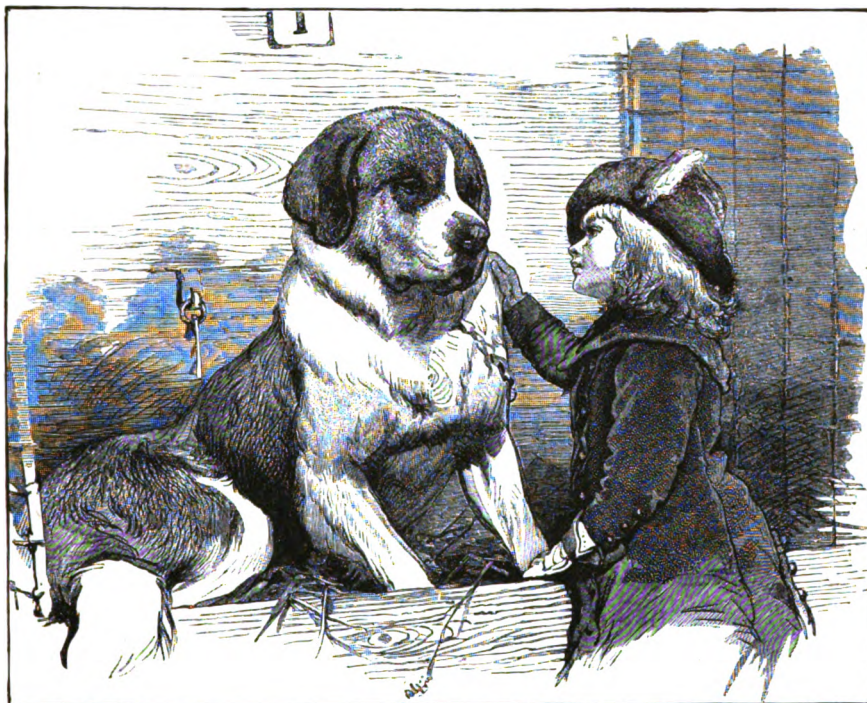
I’m sure I don’t, at all.”
He climbed the fence, he
jumped, O, ho!

Just as a frog might sprawl.
A-mong the bri-ers in the dust,
Lay lit-tle But-ter-ball.



BUT-TER-BALL’S FINE JUMP.





BOSE IS A HE-RO DOG.

DEAR OLD BOSE.

One day, when Archy Bates was three years old, he went out to play with Bose in the yard and he crawled through the fence and ran a-way down to the pret-ty brook at the foot of the orchard. The wa-ter was ver-y still and deep at one place, and Archy looked in-to it and saw a lit-tle boy with blue eyes, and round cheeks, and yel-low curls just like his; and when Archy laughed, the lit-tle boy in the wa-ter laughed, and when Archy nod-ded and said "How do!" the lit-tle boy in the wa-ter nod-ded too, but Archy did not hear him say "How do!" Then Archy

put out his arms to hug him, when o-ver he went, plump! in-to the wa-ter him-self, and there was no lit-tle boy there. But Bose was. He had jumped in af-ter his lit-tle mas-ter to seize him. He got him out and car-ried him home to mam-ma, drip-ping wet, cry-ing and scream-ing.

A GREAT THINK-ER.



HE THINKS OF HIS SPOOLS AND HIS TOES.

Come, Pus-sy-cat-mew, and Kid-dle-a-winks,
I'll tell you true what the ba-by thinks.

He thinks of his spools, and he thinks of his toes,
Of the shi-ny things rest-ing on grand-pa-pa's nose;
Of the pret-ty bright light that's hung in the air,
And the gay lit-tle brown birds that go fly-ing up there.

In short, I am cer-tain, dear Kid-dle-a-wink,
There are ver-y few things that the ba-by *don't* think!

Yes, Pus-sy-cat-mew, and Kid-dle-a-winks,
Odd things, not a few, that ba-by thinks.
He thinks that Kid-dle is a li-on bold ;
He thinks Pus-sy-cat-mew has eyes of gold ;
He longs ver-y much to jump in-to the fire ;
He wish-es the moon and the stars were nigh-er,
The queer-est of things, dear Kid-dle-a-winks,
That ever you thought of, that ba-by thinks!

Oh, Pus-sy-cat-mew, and Kid-dle-a-winks,
I don't know what to do with this ba-by that thinks!
For he thinks so hard that a lit-tle frown grows
Between his eyes, while he scratch-es his nose ;
He drops his shoes to see them picked up,
He thinks there are tunes in his sil-ver cup —
I am ful-ly convinced, dear Kid-dle-a-wink,
He's a ver-y re-mark-a-ble ba-by to think!





WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN HOL-LAND.

Lots of fun in Hol-land. They saw a mar-ket-wom-an go-ing to town with two bas-
kets hung from a yoke. Her ba-by was in one bas-ket, and her gar-den-stuff in the oth-er.

BABYLAND

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SUCH A JOL-LY TIME AS THEY HAD.

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BA-BY BELL'S PAR-TY.

Ba-by Bell was two years old, and mam-ma said she must have a par-ty.

Ba-by Bell said "Goo! hab par-ty."

So mam-ma then wrote five lit-tle "come" notes, to five ba-bies and their mam-mas, and she said bring



"GOO! HAB PAR-TY!"

the lit-tle sil-ver milk-cups.

On the par-ty-day, Nurse

dressed Ba-by Bell in her white dress that had tucks and lace, and a white sash, and white kid shoes.

Then they went gai-ly down in the par-lor, and the door-bell be-gan to go ting-a-ling-ling.

First, there was a dear fat ba-by-boy, Ba-by Hal. He laughed and crowed and kicked when he saw Ba-by Bell. Next, Ba-by Lou came, in a pink sash and pink boots. Ba-by May and Ba-by Fred came to-gether; they were twins, and had blue sashes and blue shoes. Ba-by Al-ice was last. She was the old-est ba-by. She had brown eyes and brown curls. She wore a red sash and red stock-ings.

At first, the ba-bies sat ver-y still in their mam-ma's laps.

Then Nurse El-len brought in a bask-et and empt-ied it on the floor. All sorts of toys fell out; dolls, jump-ing-jacks, rat-tles, and pict-ure-books. O, how the ba-bies laughed! They crept down on the floor, and played.

Ting-a-ling-ling! a door flew o-pen. There stood a ta-ble with six sil-ver cups, and six high-chairs, and in a min-ute there sat the six ba-bies in six white bibs, each drink-ing milk.

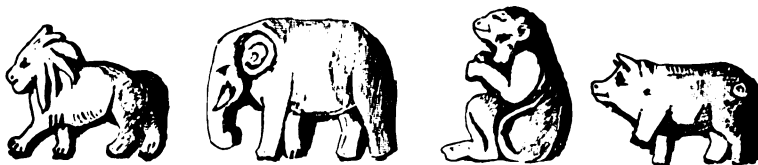
And they had crack-ers, lit-tle "an-i-mal crack-ers;" there were el-e-phant and cam-el crack-ers, and dog and



NURSE EL-LEN POURS OUT THE TOYS.

cat crack-ers, and lit-tle lamb and bos-sy-calf crack-ers; and each ba-by had a sponge cake with its own name on it in pink let-ters.

Don't you wish you had been there?



A FEW OF THE "AN-I-MAL CRACK-ERS."



If I knew a land
Where po-sies al-ways grew,
And soft winds al-ways blew,
I'd come to you, and you,
And each lit-tle hand
I'd take, and we would stray,
You and I, a-way, a-way,
To this land of Play and
May.



IN-SIDE THE RAT-TLE.

I want to see the rat-tle in
it,
I will on-ly look a min-ute;
Won-der now what makes it
go
Ring-ing, rat-tling, jin-gling
so!

Ba-by, here, will nev-er
mind,
For I'll show her what I
find;
So, you rub-ber rat-tle, you;
Here you go — torn right in
two!



SO HERE YOU GO!

It must be a pret-ty thing,
Per-haps a lit-tle bird to
sing,
Or a lit-tle flute to play —
I shall see it, a-ny-way.

But — where is the pret-ty
thing
Go-ing: “*jìn-gle jìn-gle,
jìng?*”
Here’s a bit of tin or
so,
Twas-n’t *that* that made it
go!

Did the bir-die fly a-way?
And the lit-tle flute to
play,
Have I lost it? A-ny-how,
Where is ba-by’s rat-tle now?

TROT-TY'S STAR.



UR Trot-ty is
al-ways trot-
ting round
the lawn
try-ing to
catch
some-
thing. Once
he caught
three things
in one day.

The first was a big vel-
vet-y bum-ble-bee, all black
and gold, and it stung, and
Trot-ty cried as hard as he
could cry.

Next, he caught a drag-
on-fly by one of its long
blue wings, and the blue
wing came off, and Trot-ty
cried about that, too, for
Trot-ty is a good child
and don't want to hurt or
be hurt. He only just wants

"to look at things," that's all.

The last he caught af-ter
dark.

He saw it shin-ing in the
li-lac bush. He pushed his
hand a-way in-to the dew-
wet leaves af-ter it, and got
it.

He ran in, cry-ing, "Mam-
ma! boo-ful! boo-ful! I's
caught a star, I has, a 'it-tle
spark-y star!"

Mam-ma o-pened the lit-tle
fat fist, and — what do you
think? Just a small brown
bug! But
mam-ma shut
it in Trot-ty's
cap, and they
peeped in,
and there it
was, shin-ing!
Trot-ty's star
was a fire-fly.



IN PUR-SUIT.



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN AL-BA-NIA.

Blue Eyes don't like Al-ba-nia. But Black Eyes does. *He* likes sol-diers and war-horses, and wish-es he were a war-rior, too, with a fierce, long mus-tache.

BABYLAND

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A PRIVATE FIVE-O'CLOCK.



RAIN-Y-DAY FUN. — "OFF TO THE WARS !"

A BA-BY PRIN-CESS.

This is a por-trait of a to-ria's eld-est daugh-ter when
queen's ba-by — Queen Vic- she was a wee, wee ba-by-



PRIN-CESS AL-ICE.

girl. Her name was Al-ice;
Queen Vic-to-ria gave pret-ty
names to all her girls. But
Al-ice was not a ver-y pret-ty
baby, was she! Yet she grew
up to be a good wom-an, and
to be mar-ried to a king's son,
and to be a kind mam-ma
to her own lit-tle child-ren.
Some day you will read more
a-bout this good prin-cess.

A DIN-NER WITH-OUT WORK.

There are three of my chicks that are great friends, al-ways to-geth-er, and al-ways talk, talk, talk-ing; they peck at the same to-ma-to, and take din-ner at the same straw-ber-ry; their names are Fluff, Puff and Stuff.

One hot noon they were wish-ing they did-n't have to scratch for a liv-ing, when Stuff chanced to lift his eyes.

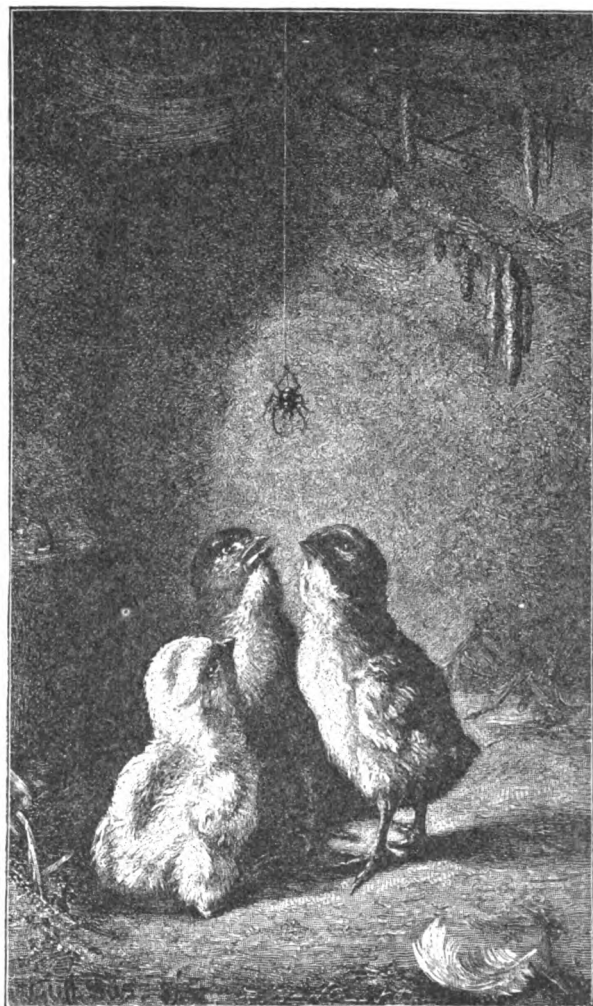
"Look!" said he, "there's a din-ner com-ing right down out of the blue sky!"

Yes, there was a fat brown thing be-ing let down. But soon they felt a strange feel-ing.

"You shall have it all," said Fluff to Stuff.

"Yes," said Puff, "for you saw it first."

"No, no," said Stuff, hop-ping back as the din-ner came



THE DIN-NER.

near-er. By this time the din-ner was al-most down. They saw what it was—a dis-gust-ing spi-der—and they lift-ed their lit-tle wings and ran.

A THANKS-GIV-ING GIFT.

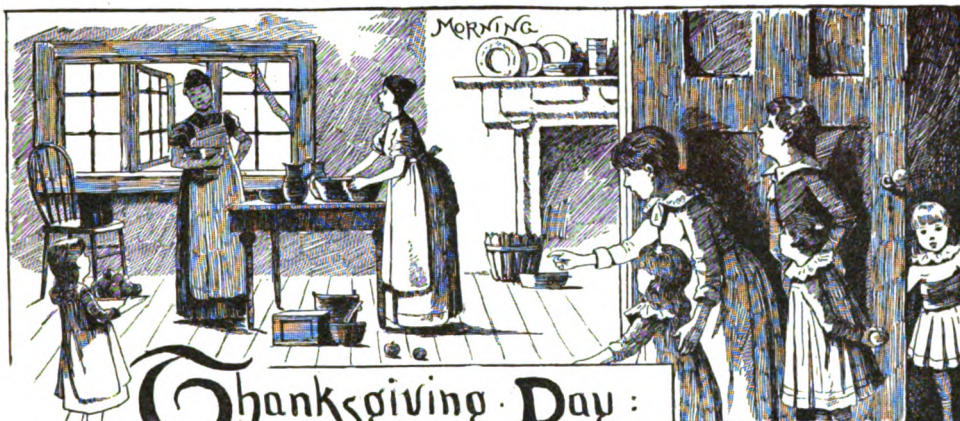


giving gift from Grandma? You never could guess. It was a basket of French kittens. They reached the little Greys' home just in time for the great dinner.

"French cats!" said Dick, "we can never understand them or they us!"

But they found their

What think you came to the little Greys all the way over the ocean as a thanks-pretty pet kitties mewed in A-mer-i-can, and knew ev-er-y trick A-mer-ican cats play.



Thanksgiving Day:

A. hustle in the kitchen.
A. smell of cake and pies.
Children running everywhere.
With bright and wondering eyes.

Rows and rows of good things.



On the closet shelves.
A cunning little table.
All to themselves.
Such a splendid dinner.
Coming on at last.

Knives and forks a-clattering.
Tongues that go as fast.

Apples in the evening.
Lots of merry play.
All this fun at Grandma's.
On Thanksgiving Day.

BLIND-
MAN'S
BUFF.



A-WAKE AND A-SLEEP.



A SOUND-A-SLEEP BA-BY.

Creep-ing so swift-ly all o-ver the floor,
Now here by the win-dow, now there by the door ;
Her-self pull-ing up by chair and by bed,
Get-ting ma-ny a bump on her dear lit-tle head ;

Lit-tle sharp eyes spy-ing ev-er-y stray pin,
Lit-tle mouth o-pen to put them all in;
Laugh-ing and crow-ing with frolic-some glee,
As mer-ry a child as you'll a-ny-where see:
Our dear little wide a-wake ba-by.

A little warm thing' cud-dled down in a heap,
Her soft cheeks a-flush with the roses of sleep;
Lit-tle smiles hid-den all safe-ly a-way,
To be brought forth a-gain at the dawn of the day;
Lit-tle feet rest-ing, and lit-tle hands, too,
Which is more than by day-light they ev-er can do;
Tucked in with ma-n-y a kiss and ca-ress:
May an-gels watch o'er her! May God ev-er bless
Our dear lit-tle sound-a-sleep ba-by!

I am Grow-ley-ow-ley-ow,
the watch-dog — be-hold me!
A watch-dog should bite, bark,
look fierce. I do not bite, do
not bark, do not look fierce.
But my name scares! Who
dares face a Grow-ley-ow-
ley-ow!



BE-HOLD ME!



WHAT BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES SAW IN AL-GIERS.

They liked the dark, cool door-ways. They saw a woman swing-ing her ba-by in a queer cra-dle. The ba-by reached af-ter Blue Eyes' doll, just like an A-mer-i-can ba-by.

BABYLAND

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CIN-DER-EL-LA AND HER RID-ERS.

CIN-DER-EL-LA.

Not Cin-der-el-la of the glass slip-per — our Cin-der-el-la wore iron shoes. She was an In-dian po-ny, and we all loved her. The pet chicken made a roost of her back, and the white cow licked her glos-sy sides as she would her own calf.

Our four lit-tle out-door boys learned to ride on her gen-tle back, and sometimes they all got on at once — Ba-by Frank close to her neck in the curve of Wil-lie's arms, who held the bridle; Ed-die next, with his chub-by hands clutch-ing Wil-lie's sides; and Char-lie last, much a-fraid of slip-ping off be-hind. They were all so small that their short legs stood straight out a-cross her broad back. Mam-ma was

nev-er un-ea-sy, for Cin-der-el-la had nev-er been coax-ed out of a walk since they had had her.

But one day a cow came in sight of this horse-back par-ty, and Cin-der-el-la pricked up ears, and started off in a gal-lop! Char-lie slipped off be-hind. Ed-die went o-ver side-wise. Frank-ie screamed, but Wil-lie held him close, and kept his seat un-til the cow turned off in-to a fence-cor-ner, and lay down. Then Cin-der-el-la stopped, and the boys that fell off came limp-ing up.

They found out that the po-ny had been used on the plains to fol-low cat-tle. Af-ter this, when these boys want-ed a brisk ride, they tried to get be-hind a cow.

A GOOD CHRIST-MAS GIFT.

Such a Christ-mas gift — a kitch-en ta-ble and a cab-i-net full of cooking things — egg-beat-er, grat-er, cake-cut-ter, a mor-tar, and a mix-ing-bowl, a roll-ing-pin and bread-board, spoons, lit-tle and big, and box-es of sug-ar, and salt, and



THE GIFT

spice, and flour. O hap-py Kit-ty-ling and hap-py Pat-sy!

Such pound-ings and stir-rings and roll-ings and bak-ings! And on New Year's Day they gave a par-ty, and in-vit-ed Flos-sy and Friz-zle, who came in their ver-y pok-

i-est bon-nets; and Mop-sy came too, and it was a ver-y



COOK-ING FOR COM-PA-NY.

fine din-ner, with float-ing-is-land and ti-ny bis-cuits; and ev-er-y-bod-y said, "What a nice cook you are, Mrs. Kit-

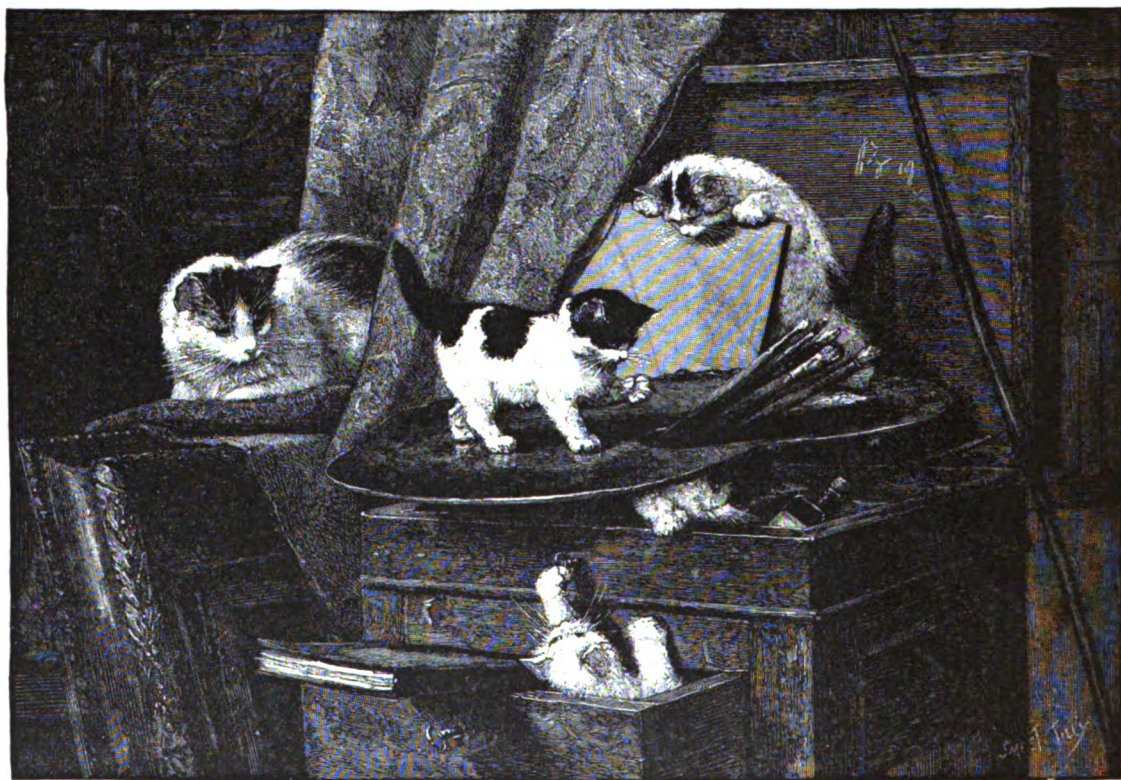


THE NEW YEAR'S PAR-TY.

ty-ling!" when they went a-way at night.

PAINT-ER PE-TER-KIN'S CATS.

Great beau-ties, great rogues too, are Paint-er Pe-ter-kin's five cats. Paint-er Pe-ter-kin tries to keep them out of his door a-jar and the five rogues stepped in, and the mam-ma-cat rogue sat down and saw four kit-ten rogues climb and



GREAT BEAU-TIES AND GREAT ROGUES.

stu-dio, where he has a great many things that tip o-ver ea-sy and run out and spoil. But one day he left the

whisk, and claw, and do things — six-teen naugh-ty paws — doing things, with brush-es and bot-tles and paints.



A LIT-TLE BOY'S TREAS-URES.

I have a splen-did shag-gy
dog,

His name is Shep-herd Jack,
His paws are white, his nose
is buff,
And all the rest is black.



I have a cat, a mam-ma cat,
Her name is Cat-a-ni-ta ;
I have two lit-tle ba-by cats,
Called Thom-as and De-
light-a.

I have a ball, a cart, a
sled —

My sled's a dou-ble run-ner,
The names are paint-ed on
the side,
“ The Clip-per ” and “ The
Stun-ner.”

I have a paint-ed drag-on
kite

Which sails up in the sky,
When fa-ther holds the string,
but, O,
I can-not make it fly.

I have two pret-ty lit-tle
calves

With brown and dew-y
nos-es,
They'll make a pair of
ox-en soon —

I call them John and
Mos-es.

I have a hoop and wood-en
horse —

You'd think it was a stick,
But I ride it all a-round the
town,

I can't walk half so quick.

And those are all the things
I have

(Ex-cept my dol-ly Roy,
And I'm a-shamed to tell of
him

Be-cause I am a boy.)



A HOME KIN-DER-GAR-TEN.

“Let me have it,” he shouted,
“Or I won't be good!”
And they would have giv-en
him
The moon if they could.





BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES AR-RIVE HOME.

But they liked noth-ing so much as a dear lit-tle white house in a small A-mer-ican vil-lage. They jumped out of the hack with a glad shout: "Home a-gain!"